

3
4th The CORONATION
OF
Queen Elizabeth,
WITH
The RESTAURATION
OF THE
Protestant Religion:
OR,
The DOWNFALL
OF THE
POPE.

Being a most Excellent PLAY,
As it was ACTED,

BOTH AT
Bartholomew and Southwark FAIRS,
This present Year 1680.

With great Applause, and Approved of,
and highly Commended by all the *Protestant Nobility,*
Gentry and *Commonalty* of ENGLAND, who came
to be Spectators of the same.

LONDON, Printed for Ben. Harris, at the Stationers Arms
under the Piazza in Cornhil. 1680: 28. Sept.

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to see the execution of the same.

Printed by J. Streater at the Sign of the Gun in St. Dunstons Church-yard
1680: 25. 1681.

TO THE Protestant Reader.

KInd Reader, After the great Applause this Play has gained upon the Stage, I have thought fit, for the better Satisfaction of the Curious, to publish it to the World, that all may plainly behold my sincere Intentions herein, which was only to lay open the Cruelties and Villanies of Rome, more to the Life, than they have been exposed since the beginning of this late horrid and most barbarous Plot; for upon second thoughts I considered, that many who only saw this Play, were not of such profound Capacities, as to let it take a firm Impression upon their Memories; therefore, that all might the better weigh each particular circumstance, as their leisure served them, I have presumed to send it abroad into the World, though no doubt amongst a thousand Foes, whose Malice unquestionably will endeavour to asperse and sully the candid Reputation it has already gained amongst several Noble Personages of this Nation; whose sound Judgments are undeniable: the reason of it, is perhaps because it plainly shews them as in a Mirror, the purity of our Religion, and the gross Absurdities and Cruelties of the Pope and Church of Rome, in their proper Colours, not gilded over with borrowed Ornaments or Fictions, which never were: but howsoever, under the friendly Patronage of all truly Loyal Protestants, I have sent it abroad to tell the World, the Noble Exploits, Heroick Resolutions and Victories, of that blest Queen, who manag'd all the Plots and dire Conspiracies of Rome, to the last moment of her long and prosperous Reign.

So I remain a Lover of all that own the Name of
Protestants, and live up to the Duties of that
Sacred Profession, to serve them in all sincerity

J. D.



The Actors.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

1. Bishop } Protestants.
2. Bishops }

A Lord, General to the Queen.

Another Lord.

1. Popish Cardinal.

2. Popish Cardinal.

Tim. a Tinker.

Brush a Cooper.

Honey-Suckle a Cook.

The Pope.

Devil.

2. Jesuits designed to kill the Queen.

Dulcemente a Nun, Ravished by the Pope.

Cardinal Moricena her Father.

2. Ghosts, 2 Devils more.

Singers and Mutes, &c.

The

The CORONATION
OF
Queen Elizabeth,
WITH
The RESTAURATION, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Noise of Kettle Drums and Trumpets are heard, at which the Curtain rising, discovers the Queen sitting under a Cloth of State, in her Royal Robes, attended by her Lords and Ladies of Honour; two Bishops supporting her Crown, and two Popish Cardinals standing at a distance: The Scene imagined to be White-hall.

1. *Bish.* **L**ong live Elizabeth of England, France and Ireland, Queen; sole Protector of our Lives, Fortunes, and Religion, under whose Sacred Rule may it shine brighter than unclouded Stars.

A Lord. May Forreign Nations fly to do you Homage, and Kings find Succour under the Shelter of your Wings; Princes and Potentates bow down before you, as the Universal Goodness of the World: Ne'r was *England* so happy in a Monarch, nor we in such a Royal Mistriss.

2. *Bishop.* May the *Aethiopians* forget the Sun, and fall down and worship you, whose Sacred Influence governs thus Mankind.

Queen. My thanks to all, But I must refuse that Worship which the Immortal Powers have only bidden to themselves, yet must own you, next to the Powers above, who have given me Essence, and preserved my Life from Dangers great; placing me upon
this

this Throne to Rule a Tottering State, driven by fierce Storms of Malice, o'r the deep Billows of devouring Envy; encompassed on every side with Foes, yet fearless will I act. First then, To settle Religion, the dearest part of Government, and surest Rock for Princes to build upon, shall be my speedy care to begin: I'll reform my own House, and later that the Nation. Therefore all you who pay Obedience to the See of Rome, or think Supremacy due to the Pope, we here discharge you and banish you our Court. You my Lord Cardinals, as chief, must shew the way, and in your rooms such faithful Ministers I'll place, as shall be worthy of so great a Charge.

Bloodshed and Rapine shall to Rome retire,

Murder and Luxury which feed the fire,

Shall to the Scarlet Beast for Succour fly,

And unemploy'd within his Bosom die.

*Exeunt all but
the 2 Cardinals.*

1. *Cardinal*. Is it come to this?

2. *Card*. Now Heresie begins to peep abroad, that in *Maryes* days was laid as low as Earth.

1. *Card*. Oh I could curse her Heart out, nay, my own, for not preventing it before it had took root.

2. *Card*. Horrors and Death, why were our hands so tame, when one brave stroke had done it at the Altar.

1. *Card*. Where was this Devil, *Rome's* great Counsellor; where was he, I say, that he fore-saw not this Monster, to have pashed it in the Mould of Nature, or have strangled it in its Infancy, e'r it grew to such a Gyantick Stature, now enough to shake the very Throne of *Rome*?

2. *Card*. It is not yet too late, the Seeds are newly sown, and e'r they root too deep, we may pluck them up; or by lopping off the Cedar, make the Shrubs bend pliant as we please.

1. *Card*. Let us about it then, and lose no time; methinks I could as freely strike the Heretick, as one assured Salvation.

2. *Card*. 'Tis that must crown our Wishes; the Queen once Murthered, the rest are easily reduced unto the See of *Rome*; let's on then, no opportunity must be omitted, to get her speedily dispatched. 'Tis meritorious no doubt: Blood and Murthers are *Rome's* chiefest Glories.

1. *Card*.

1. *Card.* O Pious Quarters, assist us with thy Prayers, and Hell, if thou hop'st a glutting Harvest, protect the best Religion.

Exeunt

SCENE I have been acquainted with you to be Religious, and the like; for under Religion the Pope's Confession is the best.

Enter Tim the Tinker, Brush the Cooper, and Honeyfuckle the Cook, with several other Rabble.

Tim. Enter. Come Neighbours, come—This day is as we may say, a Holy day, for this day Queen Elizabeth is Crowned King of England, and therefore we ought to keep it Holy.

All. We ought, we ought.

Brush. How Neighbour, Holy! Pray Neighbour have a care what you say, for methinks talking of keeping a day Holy, sounds as if we intended to keep a day for his Holiness.

Honey. Who's that talk's of his Holiness? His Holiness is a Pimp, and so is he that speaks of him; I say no more, I say no more.

Tim. Indeed Neighbour *Brush*, my Neighbour *Honeyfuckle* is in the right on't; for since King Elizabeth has banish'd Popery out of England, I say he's a Son of a Whore that names any thing like it.

Brush. Ay but Neighbour, this had been Treason a year ago—

Tim. But now we have got a King Elizabeth, 'tis no Treason Neighbours; Agad I think my self as good a Christian now, as any man of no Religion whatsoever.

Brush. A year ago, I had like to have been burnt for a Heretic, because the Watch took me with a Bible in my Pocket, which I had had there at least a quarter of a year, and never thought on't.

Tim. Nay, I had like to have gone to pot too, for saying that I was as great a Whoremaster as the Pope: But those times are gone, they are I thank my Stars, or else we should all have smacked for speaking against the Pope. Well, I am but a Tinker, but if I would have turn'd Papist, I never needed to have mended Kettle more.

Honey. How's that, never mended Kettle more, that had been brave.

Tim. No, for you must know I am a great Politician, and a great Statesman; that is, a man of the State: and a man of the State is a Statesman, mark ye me Neighbours.

Honey.

Honey. Why then we are all Statesmen.

All. All, all Statesmen.

Tim. Yes, every Man and Mother's Child that don't go to Church too often; for if ye go to Church too often, People takes ye to be Religious, and then ye are look'd upon as all Plotters, Traitors, Conspirators, and the like; for under Religion the Pope acts all his Villanies: and every one knows that he is the greatest Churchman in the World.

All. He is, he is, he is —

Brush. But come Neighbours, to make right use of this Holy-day, let us go to the Ale-house, and there drink till we are drunk, come home and beat our Wives, and so to Sleep: Come, come, come Neighbours, come.

As they are going out, Enter two Cardinals.

Honey. Ha, What ha we got here, two young Popes?

Brush. No, no, They are Cardinals.

Tim. How Canibals! Neighbours Ud'slud, they look as if they were a hungry, I had best have a care they don't eat me. But now I think on't Gentlemen, Pray how dare you stay in London, since King Elizabeth has Banished Popery out of England?

Card. Why, you know we ought to have Preach'd to you but —

[Here they run upon 'um rudely.]

All. But what, But what —

2 Card. Why, ye are a company of Incorrigible, Impenitent, and Exorbitant Wretches —

Brush. How's that Neighbours, Exorbitant!

Tim. Ay, that's a hard word Neighbours, let me see, Exorbitant is — is — is as much as to say Exorbitant.

Honey. As much as to say, we are all Whores Birds.

Tim. All Sons of Whores, every Man and Mother's Child; for now I think on't, an Exorbitant fellow is the Son of a Whore, and the Son of a Whore is an Exorbitant fellow; Therefore I think Neighbours, these He Popes ought to be chastised.

All. They ought, they ought —

[Here they fall upon 'um with Broom-staves.]

Card.

Card. Pray Gentlemen, pray Gentlemen be civil.

Tim. Down on your Knees then, down on your Knees, we say, and beg our Pardons, and that quickly.

Card. O cursed Fate! But better this than worse, *[Aside.]* we do, we do Gentlemen, and are sorry for what we have said.

Tim. Well, now I know 'um, that's he that burnt my Neighbour Mole the Sexton for a Heretick, who was of no Religion.

Brusb. And that fly Scarlet Rogue, because he would not let him Ravish my Wife, and Debauch my Daughter, burnt them both for Hereticks. —

Honey. And that's the Fellow that lay with my Wife behind the Buttery door, and made me a Cuckold to my face; but 'tis no matter, we'll Plague 'um for it now we have got 'um in our clutches; they had better have been at Rome I'faith.

[Taking off their Hats and Mantles, they rudely force them out.]

All. Come, come, Away with 'um, away with 'um. *[Force them out.]*

Tim. Thus like two Roman Hero's handy dandy, We'll go to the Alehouse to be Drunk with Brandy.

[Exeunt in the Cardinals Hats, and other Ornaments.]

SCENE III.

The Scene draws off; and discovers the Romish Conclave, the Pope, Cardinals, and Bishops, as in close Consult.

Pope. Now let the Joy of Rome be great, and let every individual Father cry, Long live Religious Soul, and Scourge of Heresie, Mary of England, Eldest Daughter to this Holy See, read here.

[Delivers a Paper to a Cardinal.]

1 Card. How's this, 300 burnt alive in a Church as they were Preaching Heresie and close Rebellion against this Holy Catholick and Apostolick See: Ten more such Sacred Murthers would have made the haughty Turk and Stubborn Flemming to have own'd you the Supreme Head of the Universal Church.

2 Card. 'Tis great and Meritorious. Let him be Canoniz'd for a Saint, that first invented this Religious way of sending Troops of Hereticks to Hell together.

B

Pope.

Pope. Let it be done, 'tis my Command it be so ; for the Propagators of Religion ought to be cherished, though in Blood : and let our speedy thanks be sent to our best Daughter, for taking such effectual care to blast the growing Heresie, and keep it under foot.

1 *Card.* She ought to be Sainted whilst on Earth, and when wrapped up into the brighter Mansions, far above this lower world, be Enthroned a Goddess, and adored, who found her self uneasy in her Thoughts and restless, till opportunity gave leave to throw her Self and Crown at your Sacred feet, desiring to be received into your bosom——

Pope. And by so doing has fenced her self within a Wall of Addamant, too secure for Envy, or the prying Fates to reach ; and her Ambassadors shall still have the prehemineny in all our Courts.

2 *Card.* Who dares dispute it, if it pleases you, when all the Glories of the Earth depend upon your Will? Monarch's but a Name you lend to pleasure haughty Man withal, and when you please to call it back, Kings are as soon divested of their Honours, as are your meanest Slaves.

Enter the Devil in the shape of a Jesuit, as in great Consternation.

Pope. Ha ! Your Eyes speak wonders, and forebodes some dismal Message to the See of *Rome*.

Devil. Dismal indeed, the Flower of *Rome* is gone, the Star that lately shone so bright in your great Firmament, is set ; The Sacred Empress of the Northern Isles, the angry Power have snatched away, *Mary of England's Dead.*

[*All rising, come forwards.*

Al. How !

Devil. Cold as the face of Ice, and in her stead the haughty Magnanimous Sister's Crown'd—But Crown'd, to make Religion and her Ancient Seat stagger and fall before her.

Pope. Curs'd disaster.

Devil. All of the Church of *Rome* she has Disgraced ; and the greatest Places of Trust about her Person, are given to Hereticks ; no *Roman* is to be seen in *London* now, but such as sculk in Corners, or those of such puny Souls that swallow all the Execrable Oaths they lay before them.

Pope.

Pope. Let them swallow all they can Impose, we make it Lawful, we'll grant them Dispensations for so doing; no matter if the whole outside taste of Heretick, so within they remain firm to us—

Devil. Something must be done to change the Scene, least other Nations taking Example from her, should fall from their Obedience, and throw off your yolk.

Pope. There shall; Nor must we linger in a Cause of such a vast Importance: for Heresie, like Weeds, grows fast, and if timely care be not taken to prevent it, the World e'r we can root them out will be Infected.

[*Speaks to the Cardinal.*

Father, your Advice in this great Affair.

Card. She must be Murthered, and that without delay.

Devil. Spoke like a Saint that would fain be in Hell before his time.

[*Aside.*

Pope. Murther's too gross a name, and sounds too harsh in Peoples Ears; let her be made away secretly: Sign a speedy Warrant for her Death.

{ *The Cardinal Takes the Warrant, and having Signed it, delivers it to the Pope, who gives it to the Devil.*

Pope. Here take this, and with our ample Pardon, though it be for the blackest Murthers Hell e'r knew, the Burning of Cities, or Deflowring of Virgins.

For to promote Religion naught's withstood,
Empires must fall, and Kingdoms set in Blood.
Blood must Cement the tottering State of Rome,
And Heaven shall warrant all the Ills we doom.
To fix Religion in its blessed abode,
Should be the mighty Business of a God:
Murther's the end, the Trait'ress shall not live,
Who kills for Rome, Rome's Vicar will forgive.

[*Exeunt Pope, Cardinal, Bishops, &c.*

Devil. I can but laugh now, to think how these old Fools are cheated: This is the Warrant that Signs the Pope's Destruction. That must needs be a hopeful Religion; that has the Devil to it for

a Tutor. 'Tis Murther and Poison that brings them to the Pope-
dom, where for a while, they enjoy all earthly Pleasures; but then by
dire Mischance, or their own Luxury, Death snatches them hence,
and then they are hurried Headlong down to my great Master.

For he which in Pleasure gives his Soul to dwell

A Pope on Earth, must be a Devil in Hell. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter two Cardinals.

1 Card. **T**His is the time the friendly Fates to *Rome* have set
to cut the root of Heresie, and Crown Religion
Monarch in the Throne: E'r to Morrow's dawn
the haughty Usurpers shall be no more.

2 Card. Who are the Assassines? Are they qualified for such
a Work? That their bold Hands at once may strike, and Tongues
forswear 'twas they.

1 Card. Doubt it not; They are two Fellows bred up in Villa-
ny; Rascals that have suckt Murther from the very Intrals of a
Prison: I have agreed with them for so many Masses to Kill the
Queen, and if they bring them off short Heaven, there is no Truth
in our Religion.

2 Card. You may as well misdoubt Eternity, as Holy Vnction,
Mass and Prayer.

1 Card. Should they fail, I would strike the blow my self; me-
thinks I could as easily do it, as I can merit my Salvation.—

Enter the Devil in the shape of a Jesuit.

Devil. Lost, lost, and undone for ever. Fly,—Fly,—the Trea-
cherous Secretaries of the Ambassador, just as the blow was going
to be given, have unravelled all the Secrets of the Plot, and laid
them open for each Vulgar Eye to pry into.

1 Card.

1 *Card.* O Dam 'um for Fools and Cowards, to boggle at a thing call'd Conscience, when Religion bids them Act.

2 *Card.* Why if the Plot be Discovered, we shall all be hang'd if we are taken.

1 *Card.* But what say the Assassines? How stand they affected?

Devil. Some glimmerings they have, but as yet no certainty of what has pass'd; which makes them still Lurk about the Court, resolving this Night to kill the Queen.

2 *Card.* Haste then, and give them all the Encouragement and Assistance that thou canst devise, slip no Opportunity to perfect such a glorious Work; in the Name of *Rome's* universal Lord, I charge thee haste; let not a moments stay retard thy steps.

Devil. I go, Imperious Cardinals, but 'tis my Master's Interest I consult, not yours; though you are they that reap our Harvest of dire Sin, 'tis we that have the Profit of the Scarlet Grain to fill our Stores. I'll leave ye to your Fates, it will not be long'e'r [*Aside.* the Law shall strangle you; when all your quibblings will not save you. *[Exit Devil.*

1. *Card.* Well, we must be swift in all we do, this opportunity let slip will ruin us, and put disgrace upon the Cause for ever.

2 *Card.* Death and Confusion seize the Hereticks e'r that be done, Horror and the darkest deeds of Night shall be their Portions.

1 *Card.* 'Tis in vain to linger, we must hence or shall be discovered by some prying Eyes; let us in obscurity await the blessed event.

2 *Card.* If the Assassines fail, *Rome's* ancient Glory shall not fall, for this bold Hand shall strike the busie Heretick, and push her headlong down from her Vsurped Throne.

What's done for *Rome* must needs, if great, be good,
He merits Heav'n, whose Soul is bath'd in Blood.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Queens Garden.*

Enter two Assassines in the Habits of Jesuits, with Daggers in their hands.

1 *Assassin.* This is the Night design'd to wash our hands in Blood of Hereticks, to cut down that high Cedar that has made her self *Rome's* Envy ; nor shall we want Gold for perfecting so brave a Work ; the Enterprize must be with Resolution undertook, and as fearless we must on, as did that brave *Burgundian* who killed the Prince of *Orange*.

2 *Assass.* Remember *Raviliac*, and let us boldly undertake an Act so meritorious ; nor let our hands be slack to strike our fatal Daggers home into her Breast ; plunge them to the Hilt , and when we've drawn 'um out, laugh loud, as being pleased to see the streaming gore be-crimson the pale Surface of the Earth.

1 *Assass.* See where the Queen comes , attended only by one Gentleman. Now's the time to cut the Root of Heresie, and if she 'scape us, may we be accursed for ever. Methinks the blow's already struck, and Death has hushed her silent in his frozen Arms.

2 *Assass.* Let us abscond a while, the better to surprize her.

[They retire and stand unseen.]

[The Queen Enters with one Gentleman.]

Queen. Are all things done according to my Order.

Gent. They are, in all things I have been obedient to fulfil your Royal Pleasure.

Queen. What said the *French* Ambassador to his Accusation ?

Gent. Haughty and bold, like any Guiltless man he did behave himself before the Council, denying that he knew ought against your Sacred Life, or was not obliged to tell it if he did ; he only alledg'd , That it was not in the Power of any Council to tax the King's Representative, much more to demand such Questions of him, as none but his Master ought to know.

Queen. 'Tis close and dark, as all their other Actions are, but we'll not meddle with *Lemaspin* more ; only tell him our just resentments, that we Banish him our Court, and speedy care shall be taken to send him quickly to his own Land.

What

What Powers Divine Protect, *Rome* cannot harm,
 Nor can the Scarlet Beast our Senses charm ;
 Pistol nor Poison ne'r can make her start,
 Who has Heav'n's Sacred Armour for her Heart.

[*Exeunt Queen and Gentleman.*]

The Assassines come out from their Ambuscade and follow them.

1 *Assass.* Now, now's the time, strike home—Now for cutting the very root of Heresie, that it shall never sprout in *England* more ; let's on, let's on, I say.

2 *Assass.* My heart fails me, I cannot touch her.

1 *Assass.* Cowardly Slave, art thou not paid for Murther ?

2 *Assass.* Not as you are assured Salvation ; therefore strike you, and that quickly, or I'll kill you, and so end the Dispute.

1 *Assass.* Villain, thou dar'est not.

2 *Assass.* You shall see I dare.

Here they fight with their Daggers, during which, Tim, Brush, and Honeyfuckle, with several others Enter.

Tim. Why how now, what's to do here ? what two Fellows a Fighting in the Queen's Garden.

Honey. I'll be hang'd if these Fellows have not a hand in the Plot, and come hither to Kill the Queen.

Tim. It may be it may be so, therefore I think it fit that we seize 'um, and carry 'um before a Justice of Peace to have 'um Examined.

Here they seize them, upon which they tremble, and endeavour to hide their Daggers, &c.

Tim. Pray Gentlemen of what Trade or what Calling are ye, for know Gentlemen, I have Power to apprehend ye, and make ye give a better account of your selves, and what business you had here. Ha, What are these ! Truly Gentlemen, these are suspicious Weapons.

[*Finding the Daggers.*]

Honey. Ud'slud see ye here, as I take it Neighbours, if I am not mistaken, they should be Butchers by their Knives.

Tim.

Tim. Well, come Gentlemen, I must carry you and these before a Magistrate, and have you both Examined; and I'll promise you Gentlemen, I'll be so kind to you, that I won't leave you till I see you both fairly Hang'd: Come away with 'um, away with 'um; bring 'um along, bring 'um along.

All. Along with 'um, along with 'um. [They force them out.]

SCENE III.

The Scene draws off, and discovers the Pope sitting by a Nun.

Pope. Come thou best Partner of my silent Joys, let me Embrace thee thus, and in Slumbers soft repose on thy fair Breasts, lulled between thy Arms, whose Ivory bends can only make the circle of a lasting Pleasure, in which to charm the Universal Prelate, Rome's awful Head, and Ruler of the World.

[They rise and come forward.]

Nun. Alas, what would you have me do? I am ignorant of what you mean.

Pope. Only to Solace in Delight and Dalliance, as did thy Father in thy Mothers Arms, when their Loves mixed to give thee Being.

Nun. All Society of Men in that Nature are by your strictest Laws forbid to Nuns; or would you have me break my Vows of Chastity; and all the Ties Religion does impose, to my dishonour and disgrace.

Pope. All Vows so made, I freely here dispense; and as for Religion, it is but a Trade lately found out, for to maintain such as would live at ease, as cannot frame themselves to labour. A meer Cheat, that has been lately put upon the World, to delude easie people, and keep them up to strict Obedience: None but Women and Fools do believe that we can Save or Damn for Monies whom we please; or that Salvation can be bought or sold.

Nun. Why then are silly Virgins enticed by specious pretences of Meriting Heaven, to these close Confinements, to undergo such Penances as Midnight Mattins, Shifts of Hair, and Discipline? If all is but a Fable, why are we not undeceiv'd.

Pope.

Pope. Few Artificers declare the Knack by which they live, unless for Money or long Servitude; 'tis that by which we do deceive the prying Eyes of those that we would keep under subjection.

Nun. Then all your Piety's but feigned, a meer Fiction all.

Pope. Nothing more, for how can you imagine that the Clergy could consist or live without such soft dear things as are your Sex in general; for was it not for Procreation, Nature would stand still, and the whole Creation being out of frame run backward—

[*Embraces her.*]

Enter the Devil in the Habit of a Jesuit.

Devil. Why this is as it shou'd be; why should not you, who have the World all at Command, and Heav'n in store, always lull in Pleasures.—For what were those glittering Angels made, if not to be enjoyed? To your Bed of Pleasure Sir, and in the Morning I'll attend you; and in the mean time take care to manage your Affairs against the Hereticks—

[*The Pope Embracing him.*]

Pope. Thanks my dearest best of Friends (thou hast been always kind to me) I'll take thy Counsel, and expect thee when to Morrow dawns.

[*Exeunt Pope, leading the Nun, and as they are going out the Devil with a Dagger offers to strike him.*]

Dev. To cut his thread of Life just now, is the ready way to Damn him; but then I break the Promise of a Devil—No, he shall live till Fate or dire Mischance push him upon me, and I'm sure he wants not much of that by Nature's Course; were not his Luxuries enough, Damnation is his Bargain, and the Price of my dear purchased Service; so the fat cram'd Clergy, and the sordid Laity, with willing feet come crowding to my great Master, who leads the Pope by the Nose, and sits as Partner with him in the Popedom: But it shall be my future Business to supplant them both; and so at once to rid the Chair of a Lustful Pope, and an Imperious Devil.

Pope thou art ready, and we all agree
When thou com'st to Hell to keep a Jubilee.

Enter Tim, Brush, Honeyfuckle, and others.

Tim. Speaks Entering.] Come come Neighbours, come along ; Come, or we shall never get there time enough to see them Hang'd.

Brush. No, nor hear them confess neither.

Tim. Confess , why Neighbour *Brush*, are you such a Fool to think that they will confess, now the Pope has Pardon'd them ; no I'll warrant ye , they will confess no more than a Post , nor so much neither.

Honey. Why , what would you have men confess that are Innocent.

Tim. How Innocent !—How dare you, being but a Cook, say they are Innocent ! Sirrah, How dare you say they are Innocent ?

Honey. Why Sir , I do say so, and will maintain it upon any ground in *England*——

[*Brush goes out.*

Tim. How do'st thou mean, fighting ways ?

Honey. With all my heart.

Tim. Why then as I'm a Tinker, upon my Honour I'll fight thee.

Honey. The time.

Tim. After Execution, and if I beat you, you shall turn Protestant ; but if you beat me , I'll be dragged to *Rome* in Chains, and there turn Pope.

Honey. Agreed, Agreed.

Tim. Look to it you Son of a---for I shall so maul thee ; I say no more, but look to it——

[*As they are going out Brush meets them.*

Brush. Whither, whither so fast ; they are all Dead already, all Hang'd.

Tim. How all Dead ! All Hang'd ! why then A Pox Choak 'um I say ; it's true I thought to have seen 'um shake their heels, but 'tis no matter , since they are Dead they are past Plotting, and now may King *Elizabeth* Live and Reign in Safety—O that she had but forty such Subjects as I am, she would be the happiest Queen in *England*, a-gad she wou'd. Cook, look to it—But now I think on't Sirrah, Pray what Religion are you on——

Honey. Why of your Religion.

Tim.

Tim. How can that be, I am of King *Elizabeths* Religion —
Ha, ha, Sirrah, methinks you smell somewhat stinking, like a Papist.

Honey. Why I am a Papist, what then?

Tim. How a Papist, in the company of a Tinker and a Statesman? knock him down, knock him down.

*[They all up with their Staves
and offer to knock him down.]*

Honey. I, I, do, and the Law shall —

Tim. Nay, now he talks of the Law let him alone, for we are not to knock any Man down that understands the Law.

But look to it, Sirrah, about an hour hence, for I shall so maul thee, Vds-bud I shall, thou Son of a Papist thou;

Even till I make thee swear, this Bum
Is Holier Flesh than all the Pope is of *Rome*.

Come, come, Neighbour, for one cherriping Cup, and then to the Fight.
[Exeunt omnes.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scene opens, and discovers the Pope and Nun sitting upon a Couch.

Pope. **N**OW thou lookest more lovely Fair than *Venus* e'r could boast her self to be, and on thy Cheeks more rosie Blushes sit, than *Sol* could ever spare to deck the early Morn; and now my *Dulcimenta*, in a Dream, when soft Slumbers close her Eyes, may by the force of Fancy, be well pleased with what timerous Virgins wish, but have not known. Is not this better than poring upon Religion? Thou art the only Book I'll ever read, unless to cheat the prying Eyes of *Rome*. *[They come forward.]*

Nun. I must confess you have taught me to forget the thorny way, which I poor fool once wandered in; being misled; but

now by your Advice, return to taste of Pleasures and Delights, I had not else been capable to understand. They cannot sure be ill, that you the Universal God on Earth vouchsafe to try — But alas, What will my Father Cardinal *Moricena* say, when he comes to know of this, and when our mid-night Meetings are discovered to the World, as e'r long they must, I find by something that forbodes within me —

Pope. Alas! Thy Father dares not blab, for if he do, I have a Sleeping Pill, that shall seal his Mouth for ever: And as for the World, who dares grumble at the *Pope*, the Universal Bishop of the Church, or question ought he does?

Enter the Devil in the shape of a Jesuit.

Devil. Fly, fly, or all will be discovered, Cardinal *Moricena's* at the Gate, railing against your Holiness; calling you Monster, Beast, Leacher, and the vilest terms that Envy can invent.

Nun. Oh where shall I fly, to hide me from his angry Face? Now guilt comes fast upon me, and I tremble at the thoughts of what I have committed.

Devil. 'Tis too late, for see he enters. [*Enters with a Dagger.*

Moricena. Where is this Leacherous *Pope*, this He decripid Goat, the scandal to the Holy Chair for ever? And where is this Irreligious Nun, the shame of her Sex and my Honour? — Oh have I found you after your glutting in all unlawful Pleasures: Take that for a reward. [*Stabs her.*

Nun. Oh Father forgive me, in your Arms I do desire to die; and as with your Aid I did receive this mortal Shape, into your Bosom let me breath my last: It was that Monster that betrayed my Innocence, by telling me Religion was but a trick, invented to delude easie Women withal, or as a trade found out for to maintain such as were incapable of labour; a meer cheat or shadow, without substance: and with strong Allurements wone me to his Lust, which now I heartily repent me of, with my last breath, whil'st fainting in your Arms I die. [*Dies.*

Pope. Damn'd Incarnate Devil, what hast thou done, thou hast slain that Angel in thy Daughters Shape, that shall deny thee thy Salvation: I as grand Prelate to the Church, will send my

my *Mandate* to my Patron *Peter*, that when thy Soul shall mount, to strike it headlong down from Heavens Chrystal Gates, into the deep Abiss.

Morice. Talk on, talk on, Lascivious *Pope*, thou Head of Hell, not *Rome*: How can'st thou look upon an Angry Father, whose Daughter thou hast so basely defloured, and caused him to kill?

Devil. Kill the old Cox-comb, Sir, he will be babbling else, kill him, I say, or else you cannot be safe.

Pope. *Moricena*, let me Embrace thee thus. [*Stabs him.*

Morice. Ah, I'm slain. [*Dies.*

Pope. Take that for railing at the *Pope*, and that for prying into his secret Love.

Aside Devil. Evil Counsel is a sure way to push a Man upon Damnation, and I am sure he wants not much of that.

Pope. Well what's next to be done?

Devil. Fly *Rome*, Sir, without loss of Life or Honour; this Cardinal reviled much the Peoples Hearts, and when the Murther's known, they'll seek Revenge: Take all your Jewels, and Things of greatest value, easiest portable; and in some far Countrey spend the residue of your days in pleasure.

Pope. It will grieve me much to be deposed, but more to suffer a shameful and ignominious Death; by the hands of those that were my Slaves:—I was a fool to kill him——

For Men though great, yet are not always good,
Who like to *Rome*, delight to deal in Blood.

[*Exit Pope.*

Devil. Well, like his shadow I must follow him wheresoever he goes, his thread of Life is almost spun, and then he falls to my great Masters share——

I'll haste, and in destruction push him on,
And then I'll leave him in confusion.

[*Exit Devil.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Tim. Honey-Suckle, and others.

Tim. Victoria, Victoria, Victoria.

Honey. Well, I must confess you have beaten me, and now I'll turn Protestant, and cry, God bless King *Elizabeth*, Queen of *England*, and a pox on the Pope —

Tim. Well Sirrah, and for the sake of Queen *Elizabeth* give us one Dance now, and here's my hand, we'll be friends for ever.

Honey. Agreed, agreed.

He Dances an Antick Jigg.

Tim. So, well done Cook, now I like thee I'faith.

Enters Brush to them.

Brush. Arm, Arm Neighbours, Arm, or we shall be all burnt, burnt for Hereticks.

Tim. How's that Neighbour, all burnt for Hereticks?

Brush. Ay, all for Hereticks; for the Pope with the whole Spanish *Armado*, is come into the *Hope*, laden with Faggots, Iron, Whips, Racks, and Gibbets, to torture, hang and burn us all for being Protestants.

Tim. How the Pope come into the *Hope*, Uds-lud then let us go hope to catch the Pope; and if we do catch the Old Gentleman, we'll so singe his Tail, that he shall never forsake the Country. Now will I go muster up all my *Kent-street* Regiment, and if I pull him not by the Beard, say *Tim's* a Coward. Come along, come along, along, along. [Exeunt.]

Enters the Pope, lead by the Devil in his own shape.

Pope. Where hast thou brought me, through these gloomy shades of Night?

Devil.

Devil. Ask thy self — know'st thou this Figure, once thy Servant, and now thy Master: I counselled thee in all, raised thee at first, and gave thee Popedom; bore thy Messages o'r Sea, and laid and managed all thy Plots against the Hereticks; but thou hast bought my Service dear, at the price of thy poor Soul. I had thee too in Bonds, and all to make thee one to Lucifer my Master: The time's expired, thy Glas is run, and long thou can'st not stay; therefore I'll leave thee to that fate thou meritest, and the Heriticks shall give thee.

[The Scene suddenly draws off, and discovers Hell full of Devils, Popes and Cardinals, with the Ghosts of Moricena and Dulcemente wounded: To them the Devil enters.]

Pope. What ghastly Visions? this my Eye-balls start, my Blood runs backward, and chill Horror freezes up the Spring of Life.

Enter one who sings, in Answer to a Noise behind the Scenes, &c.

S O N G.

Voice. **W** Here, where's the 'Pope'?

Answer. Come to die in a Rope:

Or his Breath expire, by the flames of hot fire.

To meet the just Plagues that his sins do require.

Voice. Pray what is his Crime?

For coming to Popedom before 'twas his time;

For Murther and Whoredom, for Poison and Rape,

For killing the Father and making escape,

From the Chair of St. Peter to a Heretick City;

Mid'st the Rubble, to suffer without any pity.

A round, a round, round, inclose the Pope round;

Push him and toss him on Prongs; all yet quicker,

Till he cries there's no hope, for bloody, bloody Pope,

And a cheating old fool of a Vicar.

[Exit Singer.]

Pope. Cursed dismal fate, must all my Glories and incumbent Honours sink into the dust! O Popedom, thou gilded Pill, whose
outside

outside seems enticing fair, but being took, thou hurriest Mankind upon his sure destruction

Oh, I could curse thee, but 'tis now too late,
And I with patience must endure my fate.

*As he is going out, Tim. Brush, Honeyfuckle,
and others of the Rabble come running in, and
almost beat him down —*

Tim. Ha, what have we got here a Mamamouche?

Honey. I'll be hang'd if this fellow han't run away from his Colours: Vds-foot look here, he has brought the Key of the Cupboard away with him for haste. *[Laying hold on the Key that hangs by his side.]*

Tim. Pray Sir, if a Man may be so bold to ask, what are you Sir?
[A dismal Voice from above.]

Voice. He's a Pope —

Tim. Ha, — hark ye there Neighbours, there's something says he is a Pope.

All. O law!

Tim. Pray, Sir, are you a Pope?

Pope. No.

Tim. Why then you might have told a body so at first.

Voice. He lies.

Tim. Ha, there's something says he lies, but I don't know what it is, yet 'tis no matter, let it be what it will, we are bound to believe it; for it can't lie so long as it speaks against the Pope. *[Goes to him]* Pray Sir what Pope are you?

Voice. He's the Pope of Rome.

Tim. Ha, — hark you there Neighbours; — nay, if he be the Pope of Rome, he shall quickly know his doom.

All. He shall, he shall.

Tim. For now I think on't Neighbours, we are to have Bonfires to night, for the Victory over the Spanish *Armado*, and this Pope having been the cause of the burning of many a Heretick; what say ye if we should return him like for like, and burn him? — Hold stop the Pope there. *[He offers to go out, they pull him in.]*

All. Ay, ay, that wou'd be brave, that wou'd be brave.

Tim.

Tim. Then take him up, and let's march along with him from hence
To *Temple-Bar*, where being come,
We'll sacrifice this mighty Pope of *Rome*.

Pope. O Gentlemen, Gentlemen, for Gods sake Gentlemen, Oh.

All. Ay, ay, up with him, up with him.

[*They get him astride upon a Coul-staff, and lift him upon their Shoulders, snatching off his Triple Miter, Mantel, and other Ornaments, they put them upon themselves; then hollow and dance round him.*]

Tim. For know, if you your self to us do commit,
You soon shall find, we love neither Pope, Priest, nor Jesuit.

Pope. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, nay, Gentlemen.

[*They go out with him, hallowing and throwing up their Hats.*]

The Queen, Enter, her General, Lords and Attendants.

General. Long live the most Victorious Queen on Earth,
The far fam'd Great Renown'd *Elizabeth*.

Whose Arms may now be term'd Invincible, since *Spain* and *France* with their United Powers, could not resist your Force: May the World tremble at your Name; and may afflicted Kings and Princes fly to you for Succour, who, next, to Heaven, are only able for to give it, and the *Neatherlands* still owe their Peace to you; nay, may the Nations far remote, hear of the Terror of your Arm, and shrink into the caverns of the Earth for fear of your dire Thunder.

A Lord. And as the Moon draws after her the watry World, may you attract Mankind to gaze on you with wonder, and so spread your Sacred Lustre beyond the utmost limits of this Globe.

Queen. Never was Prince blessed with such Loyal Subjects, the Honour of this day was yours, not mine; I was but a Spectator at a distance, saw the Fight, and saw such great Courage that the World must blush to hear: Therefore you great sharers of my joy, who did partake the danger, shall receive such Favours from our Royal Bounty, as are fit for a Princess to give, and Subjects to receive.

D

All.

All. Our Lives and Fortunes still attend our Royal Mistress.

Enter Tim, Brush, Honeyfuckle, and others.

Tim. Here's King *Elizabeth*, Down on your Marrow-Bones,
ye Dogs; Down on your Marrow-Bones, I lay. [They Kneel.

Queen. What would these Supplicants?

Tim. Ha, what does she Invite us all to Supper.

All. Ay, ay; O law!

Queen. What is it you request?

Tim. We the Tatterdy-Mallion head of the Body Politick, an't
shall please your Majesty--We are your True-born Subjects, as Ar-
rant Hereticks as ever pish'd; and it shall please your Majesty, we
have been a fighting against the Pope, An't please your Majesty,
and have beaten the Pope, and taken the Pope; and now we are
come to get your Majestie's leave to let us burn the Pope.

General. And where will you get one?

Tim. O, we have a Pope, a lusty Pope, a strapping Pope, a
Rumping Thumping Pope, a Pope that will fry like Bacon, an't
please you.

Queen. Use your freedom, you have our leave; but do it with
discretion, without Riot or Tumult; lest Grace once given and
then abused, should turn the Sword of Justice against my Friends.

Tim. Hark you there, she calls us all Friends.

All. O law——

Tim. O 'Tis brave King *Elizabeth*; I'll warrant your Worship
we'll use him as we ought. Come, come, to burn the Pope, to burn
the Pope; Away, away.

[They go out leaping
and shouting.

Queen. Thus Heaven showers Blessings on the head of Kings,
And does Protect them with Immortal Wings.

Rome may Conspire, and Hell with her Combine;
Yet cannot harm, though Pope and Devil join.

[They go out.

Enter six Dancers, who Dance a Set-Dance, which ended,
They go out, then a Woman Enters and Dances a Fig.

The End of the P L A Y.

EPILOGUE.

G Allants, I must confess your dealing's fair,
You paid your Moneys, e'r you saw our Ware:
And shou'd you now dislike since you have seen,
Pray tell me how you'd get your Coin again?
For ne'r at Law there yet an Action lay
For Money's gi'n to see a Wanton Play.
Let me entreat you then dislike it not,
But like to those who late a Clap have got,
Commend the Wench, that more may to her go;
So if they Jeer you, you may Jeer them too:
Yet Plays, like Wives, are subject to a Curse,
Because they'r took for Better or for Worse.
Ladies, If you'd but Smile, I'm sure that then
It would be pleasing to the Gentlemen;
Yet pleas'd or displeas'd, we cannot Command;
But you that a'r well pleas'd, Pray Clap your hands.

FINIS.